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Skeletons for the Turners

Halloween party has everything but cloaks and daggers

EXCERPT:

No cloak and daggers were in sight at CIA Director and Mrs. Stansfield Turner's Halloween party. But there was an assortment of skeletons inside the house and some newly marked "graves" outside—not far from the vice president's residence. Admiral and Mrs. Turner live in one of the houses on Observatory Hill which is dominated by the V.P.'s official domicile.

A Halloween party seemed very appropriate, considering her husband's job, said Pat Turner, who went all out on the witchery trimmings inside the house. As an added fillip, one that would take their guests' minds off weighty problems, she put a pumpkin on the front stoop and beside it a jar of the seeds that came out of it, and asked everyone to guess the number of seeds.

As the arrivals poured in — among them the Iranian, Swedish, Greek, Turkish and Japanese ambassadors and their wives, the Brock Adamses and the Ray Marshalls from the Cabinet, Chairman of the Joint Chiefs and Mrs. David Jones — each registered his or her guesstimate. And the winner was Crown Prince Reza of Iran

Betty Beale

who dropped by with Ambassador Ardeshir Zahedi during his Washington stay that was crammed with Pentagon visits and one with President Carter.

"You won't believe this wasn't rigged," Turner said when he announced the winner was not only the Crown Prince, but it was his 18th birthday. Reza guessed 650 and there were 667 seeds in the jar, which wasn't much for a pumpkin that size. mused the knowledgeable hostess. All the Crown Prince got was a fancy package of jelly beans, but maybe it was a good omen for the young man whose future seems so uncertain today.

As for the three "graves," they were mounds of leaves with cardboard headstones inscribed with the wished-for demise of the CIA's pet aversions. They began with either "Rest in Peace" or "Eternal Rest" or "Front Page Whistleblowers," "Agee's Little List" (meaning the publicized identity of covert CIA agents by Philip Agee), and the "Literary Talent" of another author who seems bent on damaging the effectiveness of the agency.